her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Euan. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euan. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Euan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Euans. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better ſcholler then I thought hee was.

Euans. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Miſ. Page*.

Miſ. Page. Adeu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, M. Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans Shallow.

Fal. *Miſ. Ford*, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; *I* ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*; what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) whoſe at home beſides

beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ. Ford. Why none but mi

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Frod. No certainly; Spe

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad

Miſt. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, yo lines againe; he ſo takes on yo railes againſt all married manki ters, of what complexion ſoeue on the for-head; crying peere-o neſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd patience to this his diſtemper he fat Knight is not heere,

Miſ. Ford. Why, do's he talke

Miſ. Page. Of none but him ried out the laſt time hee ſear Proteſts to my husband he is him and the reſt of their com make another experiment of hi the Knight is not heere; now lerie.

Miſ. Ford. How neere is he M

Miſt. Page. Hard by, at ſtreet

Miſt. Ford. I am vndone, the

Miſt. Page. Why then you but a dead man. What a woma away with him; Better ſhame, t

Miſt. Ford. Which way ſhou ſtow him? Shall *I* put him into

Fal. No, Ile come no more May I not goe out ere he come

Miſt. Page. Alas: three of M the doore with Piſtols, that no you might ſlip away ere hee heere?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG